

## **Buck 65**

### **"50 Gallon Drum"**

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My idea of heaven, I enjoy the fixing of a flat tire  
I like art made of garbage, a little pain is good for you  
I don't want everything to be made easy for me  
Fast ain't always better than slow you know  
A home run every time would start to get boring after a  
while  
I hope I never forget how to bleed  
Static fuzz, hiss, it's just the thing sometimes  
50 gallon drum, that's what I'm talking about  
Give me a hundred bucks to work on your bike  
And maybe I'll cut your hair for you while I'm at it  
I wanna work, I'm ready, I wanna take my baby dancing  
Scary movies on Monday morning, chopping some  
wood, wind in my tires  
Chocolate chip cookies, rain in the window, it's the  
underneath of Paris  
It's New York from the back, Mount Uniacke in the fall  
In a moment between heartbeats I'll set fire to the sky  
Or cut the devil's throat  
I'm three for four with a double and two stolen bases  
Having my picture taken with the Amazing Creskin  
It's a shiny day and the dogshit smells like strawberries  
I found a shoebox filled with viewmaster reels  
I don't have to cut my hair or do math ever again if I  
don't want to  
Tell the bounty collectors to kiss my ass  
I'm a hunter gatherer surveying the junk yards  
Warrior monk with a month long bus pass  
Odd job casanova, I write nothing down and keep my  
clothes in a guitar case

I run with bulls and swim with the pool sharks  
Perfection is a place where there are two for one  
milkshakes on Tuesdays  
It's where you can pay for a room with your good looks  
The ball parks are always busy and the umpires always  
make the right call  
Everyday is halloween and people use plastic  
Christmas trees  
They fight with their fists and go to drive-in movies  
There's no such thing as luck or the dentist and shoes

don't hurt your feet  
I keep a lighter and dog treats  
In my pockets at all times because you never know  
I've got a Saint Francis of Assisi keychain  
And a wallet made of Corinthian leather  
Sometimes I drive all night and listen to talk radio  
Sometimes I practice scratching for hours on end  
Usually I sit in my window and listen to my tapes, I've  
got all kinds of tapes  
Hugs and kisses, and treats in a bag  
In paradise a buck will buy you a comic book, a soda  
and a candy bar  
You can always find a place to park or to hide  
The DJs only play originals and the theatres still have  
silver screens  
And Buster Keaton matinees  
I'm an outlaw faith healer, with sock monkeys for the  
kids  
I'm the ringmaster-king of the convenience store  
parking lot  
My show is an every man for himself freak fest  
Pack a lunch and ask for Johnny Rockwell  
Here your favorite pen works forever but memory  
parallax  
It's 70's doing 20's, 50's doing 2000  
Everyone's got their own arrow and there ain't no short  
handled shovels  
It's under my pillow, it's tomorrow and the next day

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